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THE CONFEDERACY AND THE UNION.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—Knowing the fairness of The Times-Dispatch toward those who differ with it in opinion and its willingness to give both sides of any question a fair hearing, I presume to submit the following in reply to an editorial in yesterday's paper, entitled, "The Confederacy and the Union."

As I interpret it, the contention of this editorial is that it is disloyal to the Confederate cause, and not respectful to the memory of Lee and Jackson, to say that the South is better off now than it would have been had the cause of the Confederacy triumphed.

The editorial says: "The South was right in the position she took, and Charles Francis Adams and other far-looked men at the North confess it." I yield to no one in my loyalty to the southern cause, and in my belief in her constitutional right to secede from the Union, but I am not willing to admit that a belief in the righteousness of her cause carries with it the conviction that the ultimate outcome of the war will be for the worst. When England was invaded by the Normans in 1066, the native Saxons made an unsuccessful effort to repel the attack upon their country by a foreign foe. Yet no one now doubts that the Norman conquest gave England a new impetus toward the higher civilization.

The indigenous culture of Britain by reason of her isolation from the rest of the world had become stationary and needed the energy of European civilization to start and keep it in motion. It was the Norman conquest that energized England by putting her in closer connection with the continent. Yet to say that England's language and literature have been enriched and her government made better and stronger because of the Norman conquest is not to bring an accusation of treason against Harold and the brave men who supported him. Harold, however, were to call Harold a traitor because England was permanently benefited by the Norman conqueror, we would parallel a course of reasoning with that employed in this editorial when it says that for one to be a traitor to the cause of the Confederacy is to confess that Lee and Jackson were traitors.

Lee and Jackson believed in the sovereignty of their State and her constitutional right to withdraw from a compact which she had willingly joined, but we bring the charge of treason against them because they failed to foresee that the same God that used the wicked Pharaoh to further his purpose, and makes the wickedness of man praise Him, would vouchsafe to answer their prayer in a manner different and better than they had ever thought of. Nay, not so. Our people will never be willing to condition the treason or non-treason of Lee and Jackson on the ultimate result of the failure of the Confederacy. I believe that these great men, as well as others, did their duty and left results with God. He has been pleased to bless their posterity with citizenship in a reunited, free and happy nation.

As has often been said, before the war, the United States was a nation, but a confederation. A new birth was necessary for the entrance of the two sections of the country into the new nation, and the honors of the reconstructive periods were only the birth throes through which the new States had to pass. The Confederacy was baptized into political death, but the new South rose in newness of economic life.

O. P. CHITWOOD, Richmond, Va., June 5.

Our correspondent understands our contention to be that it is disloyal to the Confederate cause and not respectful to the memory of Lee and Jackson, to say that the South is better off now than it would have been had the cause of the Confederacy triumphed.

That is not our contention, and our correspondent has not correctly interpreted the editorial under review. It is a mere matter of opinion, and the vaguest sort of speculation, whether or not the South would have been better off today if the Confederacy had won. On this point our contention is that in view of the terrors of reconstruction it would certainly have been better from that standpoint, for the South to have succeeded, for she would then have been in position to make terms for herself and would have been spared much suffering and humiliation. The Southern States might finally have decided to come back into the Union, but they would have come back, in fact, as well as in name, as sovereign States upon their own terms, and would have been treated with the respect and consideration they deserved.

But all that is without the discussion. Our remarks were addressed to those who condemned Confederates for saying that they are not glad that the Confederate cause failed. "To be glad that the Confederate cause failed," said we, "is to confess that the South was wrong; that Lee and Jackson and all the rest of them were traitors and met the fate they deserved." This was preceded by the contention that the South was right in the position which she took; that she stood upon her rights under the Constitution;

that she determined to retire from the Union under her constitutional right to do so without any violation of the compact; that she was right in resisting with arms the determined effort of the North to whip her back into the Union; that Lee and Jackson were convinced that the South was right and fought for their convictions. We then asked if Confederates should now say that they are glad that the true and honorable principle for which they fought was crushed by northern arms? And we asked if any rational and upright man could ever feel joy in his heart that failed of triumph in a good cause?

If Lee and Jackson were not right; if they did not believe in the right of secession; if they did not believe in the righteousness of the South's cause; if they did not fight for their convictions, they were traitors, and if they were traitors all patriotic citizens should be glad that they were whipped. But if they were right and if their cause was right, how can any southerner rejoice in the failure?

Per contra, if a southerner is glad that Lee and Jackson failed, how can he believe that they were right and righteous?

We do not assume to impeach any man's motive; we do not assume to be the guardian of any man's conscience. A southern man may be true and loyal to the Confederate cause, and may believe with all his heart in its righteousness, may have the highest respect for the men who fought for it; may honor and revere their memory; may fully appreciate the evils of reconstruction, and yet be glad and joyful that the South lost; for our part we cannot understand how such conflicting sentiments can exist in the same heart.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

In an article on our large export trade, the Philadelphia Record calls attention to some significant facts, which we have time and again mentioned in these columns. It points out that exports of manufactures began to be large in 1806, being in that year \$45,000,000 more in value than in the preceding year. We had a great boom in this country prior to the summer of 1833, and there was a large increase in our manufacturing capacity. According to the census of 1850 it was shown that in the preceding decade the number of persons employed in industries had very far outgrown the population. There was an enormous increase in the amount of capital invested, as well as in the output of the factories. These conditions continued during the first half of 1858, but in the summer of that year there was a money panic, and this marked the beginning of that distressful period when mills closed down, when thousands and tens of thousands of people were thrown out of employment, and business came almost to a standstill.

"With the collapse of the home market," the Record goes on, "manufacturers looked abroad for outlets. At first their only object was to get rid of their stocks and their materials. Then they devoted themselves to reducing the cost of production, so that they could manufacture for the sake of export. This was facilitated at first by low wages and low prices of materials. But so well did the manufacturers succeed in reducing the cost of production that they were able to keep very much of their foreign trade after business at home revived. Indeed, they would have increased it had the market at home not expanded so remarkably. For example, a large recent decrease in exports of steel rails is due less to foreign conditions than to the fact that American railroads had to limit their production to the extent of their own mills could produce, and had to limit their sales in ten months of this fiscal year."

"The exports of manufactured goods," the Record says, "were \$182,555,743 in 1902, were \$410,032,524 in 1901, and but little less in 1902. In ten months of this fiscal year they were \$23,000,000 more than in the same period of 1902, and in April they were the largest on record for that month."

Up to this time the Republicans had contended for the "home market," and had urged that the true policy of the country was to keep out foreign competition, and so enable home manufacturers to supply the home trade at prices greatly in excess of those of foreign goods. But with the changed condition above noted, the Republicans practically abandoned the home market idea and so in a measure abandoned the protective principle.

The lesson is plain. So long as we confined ourselves to the home market, so long as we were protected against foreign competition, and so long as there was a fair measure of prosperity, under those conditions manufacturers did not trouble themselves much about the cost of production. But when the hard times came, they were compelled to devise all sorts of means to reduce the cost of production, and having reduced it to the minimum, they found that they were able to compete in foreign markets. That was the beginning, as is shown above, and as we have so often pointed out, of the enormous increase in our export trade.

There are those who contend that the protective tariff has been a blessing to the country, and has enabled us to build up our "infant industries." In a measure that is true, but is it not at least a debatable question whether or not without a protective tariff our manufacturers would not have learned long before they did how to reduce the cost of production, and how to compete in foreign markets? If that lesson had been learned ten, twenty, or fifty years before, our export trade would have increased accordingly. There is no doubt that this era of prosperity has lasted much longer than it would have lasted because we have not depended upon the home market, because we have had a foreign outlet for our surplus products.

THE KINDERGARTEN IN VIRGINIA

Our attention has been called to the recent report of the Norfolk Kindergarten Association, of which Mrs. E. N. Starke is president and Mrs. William T. Brooke is corresponding secretary. We are interested in the report because this association introduced the kindergarten feature into the public schools of Virginia, and showed by experiment that it is a desirable and a necessary feature of popular education. "As to the free kindergarten in connection with the public school of the Fourth Ward," says the report, "we have been successful beyond all we ever hoped, in that from the first we have been enabled to enlist the interest of the

School Board and the City Council. We can boast of a kindergarten partially supported by these bodies two years in advance of any other city in the State, Richmond only just now having the matter under consideration."

Richmond no longer "has the matter under consideration." She has determined to have kindergarten instruction next session, and the teachers have already been selected. The teachers were trained by the Richmond Training School for Kindergartners, and they are thoroughly qualified to do the work.

So long as we thought that education was a stuffing process we were at a loss to know what to do with young children. But as soon as we discovered that education is a process of development, a natural process, in which the teacher simply assists nature in the development of the child's mind, the kindergarten came as a logical and inevitable result of the discovery. And so we may say in all reverence that the stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner. The kindergarten now lies at the very foundation of our system of instruction.

We feel a sense of deep gratitude to the noble women of Norfolk, who, under great discouragement, but in a spirit of motherly love, practically forced the free kindergarten into the public schools of that city and paved the way for its introduction into other cities. It has now passed beyond the experimental stage. It has come into the public school system of Virginia. It has come to stay, and it will grow in importance as the educational sentiment grows.

WE CAN BEAT ROOSEVELT.

President Roosevelt seems to be having things his own way, and if he lives he will be the Republican nominee for the Presidency next year. Mr. Roosevelt is a popular man, and we are willing to give him all the credit that is due him, but he is not a safe man, he has not the confidence of the business men of the United States, and it is our deliberate opinion that if the Democrats in 1904 will nominate a safe, conservative man for the Presidency, and put him on a sound Democratic platform, they will win. It is a great opportunity, and it is to be hoped that the Democrats will not let it slip.

It sounds strange to be talking about damage from melting snows in June, but it is strange in this climate, but the streams in the Northwest have been put out of their banks and on a rampage by the melting snows in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains. The tracks of the Northern Pacific are in danger near Hope, Idaho, where the waters are up to the rails. The snowfall in the Coeur d'Alene last winter was the heaviest in the history of the region and disastrous floods are feared.

There is a fine opening in Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri for General Funt to utilize for the good of his countrymen, some of the experience he obtained in the Philippines. He might open swimming pools along the banks of the swollen streams and teach the people how to save their property that is being washed away. The latest reports are to the effect that houses, barns, fences and other property are being washed down stream. There is much work there for a good swimmer.

Daniel J. Sully, the bold cotton speculator, who cleaned up a fortune in his recent deals, gave his associates and clerks \$20,000 to be divided among themselves. But the man who is lucky enough to make four millions in a cotton deal can well afford to throw the pitiful sum of twenty thousand to his friends.

The laying of the corner-stone of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral in this city yesterday was an event of more than passing interest. It marks the growth of a great religious denomination, and the great cathedral, which in a few months will be consecrated to the service of God, will exercise a powerful influence for religion.

A lad up in New Jersey rescued two girls from drowning, and his reward was a kiss from one of them. The other girl was either ungrateful or stingy with her kisses.

With Cleveland watching the cork, Gorman doing up Ireland, and Parker holding court, the field is open to Mr. Bryan to grind out more good names for the Democratic nomination.

Prophet Jefferson sticks to his original proposition that the Seventeenth Street market is a low place. Housekeepers will be glad to know that any Richmond market is a low place.

The monitor Arkansas may be in a measure to blame for all that high water in the western rivers. The monitor had to get to the gulf in some way.

Mr. Carnegie is said to be looking up long lost relatives to aid him in the good work of doing poor. He can find a plenty if he will take the time for it.

There continues to be a good deal of sulphur in the air around the City Hall, and the Mayor's letter is still interesting reading matter.

The first woman to be appointed on a Governor's staff is Colonel Peabody, of Colorado, and her uniform is simply stunning.

Judge Clark, of North Carolina, should not be blamed for being named for the presidency by Mr. Bryan. He was as much surprised as anybody else.

Much of the flood damage out in Kansas is being done by the Republican river, but it was named before the party with the same cognomen was born.

Mark this: Mark Hanna knew all the while what he was doing, and he is going to continue to boss Republican party affairs in Ohio.

June is coming right up to the rack, and the indications are that Hyman's former records will be smashed into smithereens.

Leesburg starts off with the first horse show of the year, and it is a good one, too.

The Haywood case in North Carolina will now take a short summer vacation. It needs it.

Trend of Thought
In Dixie Land

Birmingham News: The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, having expressed a desire to embark in the chambermaid business, nobody in the South will protest if he takes up his head with a broom and goes to work. There's nothing like following a congenial calling.

Columbia State: We are without notification, but do not hesitate to announce that Dr. Hillis is not considering a lecture tour in the South in the near future.

Nashville News: Southern editors need waste no good printers' ink on replies to the New York Post's attacks on the South. That Journal is wilfully and densely ignorant on the subject which it discusses so freely and unfairly, and those who are hustling to keep up with the procession cannot stop to read the Post out of the mud-hole in which it has stuck since the war.

Atlanta Constitution: The United States of America houses and feeds fewer paupers than any other nation in proportion to population, and all because the vast majority of its people are daily trying "to make a decent living" and are succeeding.

Florida Times-Union: In spite of everything, there is no feeling here that they do things out in Kansas with a completeness that leaves little to be desired.

A Few Foreign Facts.

A hanging overhead electrical railroad for London, similar to that in use in Berlin, Germany, is projected by a group of German-American and English financiers. A parliamentary concession will be asked to build the single track required over the Thames from its south bank for eight miles.

A commercial agent from Japan, Takichiro Shimizu, is in California to make an experimental shipment of oranges to the capital of the Mikado as a commercial agent for the Japanese government, and oranges of Japan are much smaller and less juicy than the navel orange.

The Ernie, the first of the type of torpedo boats designed since those of the German navy, was over sixty miles to break in two in the middle, is just launched on the Tyne. She has a forecastle instead of a turtle deck, and is of greater speed than the older class. The speed is 25 1/2 knots.

Berlin has discovered a policeman-composer, who promises to rival Sousa. He is named Fritz Teike, and was recently presented to the Kaiser as the composer of the march played by the Potsdam Band.

A star with a period of four hours and thirteen seconds has been discovered in the constellation of Perseus, Germany. Hitherto the shortest day observed is that of a star in the cluster Omega Centauri, which has a period of seven hours and eleven minutes.

Chinese fishermen seem to be immune to the fierce heat of the fire-room on ocean steamers, and can stand up to temperatures that would speedily prostrate white men. They are over sixty lines of European steamers trading with the Far West. Out of this large number only three of them have European crews, and these have to be coaxed to assist them.

Personal and General.

Bishop J. C. Hartzell, the Methodist missionary bishop, will sail on June 17th for the wilds of Africa.

Dr. J. H. W. Stuckenberg, the well-known Lutheran clergyman and author, of Cambridge, Mass., has just died.

Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, is making plans for another spectacular campaign in Ohio next fall. He purposes to have three motor cars in service instead of one. The issues will be "home rule" and "just taxation."

Miss Helen Gould has arranged to take thirty poor boys from the slums of Manhattan to Woody Crest, her home for poor children, in the Adirondacks, on the 15th. Twenty boys have been kept by her all winter at her home at Roxbury, in the Catskill Mountains.

J. B. Pierpont, mayor of Wheaton, Ill., has served in that capacity for twenty-one consecutive years. During that time few candidates have appeared in the field against him, and none of them ever stood the slightest chance of success.

DAILY FASHION HINTS.

Little Boy's Frock.



This is one of the season's popular styles for small boys. The frock opens in front and is fastened by straps. The design looks like a military uniform, with a high collar, epaulettes, and a row of buttons down the front. It is made of a light-colored material, possibly linen or cotton, and has a small pocket on the left side.

No. 4421—Suits for 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years.

On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., 78 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. When ordering please do not fail to mention number.

No. 4421.

Name.....
Address.....

SICK HEADACHE.

Watch for the first indication of an attack, as soon as you feel it coming on, take three of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the attack may be ward off. Mr. George E. Wright, of New London, New York, says: "For several years my wife was afflicted with a very severe headache. She doctored with several eminent physicians and at a great expense, only to grow worse until she was unable to do any kind of work. About a year ago she began taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and to-day weighs more than she ever did before, and is real well." For sale by all druggists.

THE PURPLE GOD.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON. Copyright, 1903.

CHAPTER XXI—CONTINUED.

The daring escape did not pass unnoticed. As the fugitive dove into the lagoon, he was followed by the Chandney Choke, he heard a shout and an oath, and a musket ball whizzed by his head.

He ran on for twenty yards with a hue and cry ringing behind him. He turned with singular passage to his left, where lamps were burning at intervals, and before he had gone very far the chase was drawing nearer, while at the same moment he saw lights and moving figures no great distance ahead of him.

"This no use," he thought, "I'm cornered."

Just then a little door opened from a wall on the right, and a tall, turbaned Hindoo appeared. He uttered an exclamation of surprise as he looked keenly at the panting fugitive.

"Sahib, enter quickly," he whispered, "I have no fear. I will not ask for you here."

Jack was puzzled by the voice, which sounded curiously familiar. But there was no time to hesitate, and at once he accepted the friendly offer.

The door closed noiselessly behind him as he entered, and he was guided for some distance along the dark and uneven passage. Then, on reaching a dimly lit room, he saw for the first time the features of his unknown protector.

"Govind Punt," he cried, hoarsely.

CHAPTER XXII.

THREE MONTHS AFTERWARD.

For many weary weeks, through the long, burning summer, Delhi had been stubbornly besieged, yet its massive gates and bastions still defied the heavy guns of the enemy. June, July, and August had passed away, and September was nine days old.

It was the evening hour, and the iron mouths of the dogs of war were silent. The boom of artillery and the rattle of Enfield rifles had ceased entirely. Peaceful, but deceptive calm rested on the city of the moguls.

The bright Indian sunset lingered on tower and battlement, bathing in an amber and golden glow the king's palace and the mosque of Shah Jahan, the column of the kotah minar and the dome of Humayun's tomb. Farther off toward the shining waters of the Jumna, along the rocky length of the ridge, the British flag waved over the army of retribution.

It was a beautiful scene, but very little of it was visible to the Englishman—the only one remaining in Delhi—who stood that evening behind a tiny latticed window in the front of Govind Punt's house, looking sadly at the fading light.

The prospect of a bright future, a rich brown with tobacco juice, attired in coarse native clothing and huge turban, his most intimate friends could hardly have recognized Lieutenant Punt even in the light of day, and possibly his disguise would have attracted no attention in the crowded thoroughfares of the city.

There was little to be seen from the window, but the little Jack knew by heart—the walled courtyard, with its tamarind and mango trees, the footway on the opposite side of the narrow street, and the line of tall, rickety buildings that barred the view of the Chandney Choke.

He was sick of it all—he loathed the sight of it. Many an hour had he spent here, watching and waiting, while the long days grew to weeks, and the weeks to months.

"Is there no mercy in heaven?" he asked himself, resentfully. "God help me, I am beginning to despair! When and what will the end be?"

The patient conduct of the siege, the grain of waiting and the bitterness had broken the young officer's plucky spirit. The story of his enforced captivity, of the three months that have passed since the fall of June, when he escaped from Chandra Singh's coach, claims a brief digression from the narrative proper.

We left the two faces to face in the room at the end of the passage—the panting fugitive and his rescuer. The discovery of the Hindoo identity, which seemed Jack no little anger, was succeeded by a feeling of hot anger.

Believing that he had fallen into a trap, he instinctively leveled the pistol which he had stunned Romesh Chunder. "Don't move, or I'll put a bullet through you!" he said fiercely.

Neither spoke for a moment. The hue and clamor of pursuit ebbed quickly near, rang loud and shrill, and then died gradually away in the distance.

"There is nothing more to be feared," said Govind Punt, whose face was ghastly pale. The sahib is now safe, and he will find a safe refuge under my poor roof."

"You scoundrel! Do you suppose I will accept your hospitality?" exclaimed Jack. "I would rather trust to the mercy of a cobra or a tiger! The blood of your noble brother cries vengeance, and I would do right to spatter your brains on the wall!"

Govind Punt doggedly protested his innocence. He admitted that he had been helped by a friend, and that he was himself of the tunnel, but he swore that the fall of the roof was an accident, and not the work of his hand.

Jack shrugged his shoulders incredulously; he read deceit in the man's sinister eyes.

"Kill me if you like," the Hindoo resumed, "but the deed will recoil on your own head. I will be candid with you, Punt-sahib. Understand at once that I brought you here for a purpose—but because we can serve each other. Listen! Delhi is certain to be taken in the end, though it may not be for a long time. Meanwhile I will save myself in my head and when the city falls, I will enter the service of the British troops, and you shall obtain from them full protection for yourself and my property and vouch for it that I took no part in the deeds of the evil ones."

"Will you do what I can for you?" Jack answered promptly, "but on the condition that you help me to escape, and at once. I must reach the British lines to-night."

"It is impossible, sahib. Even with the most perfect disguise, you cannot escape from Delhi; you could more easily break out of the strongest prison in the world. At every gate the guards will be watching for you. Indeed, none can enter or leave Delhi without a written authority and giving a satisfactory account of themselves as well."

It was a bitter blow, but one ray of brightness alleviated the gloom and the disappointment, as he pondered the Hindoo's offer. He clutched at the chance eagerly, not trusting himself to think of the reverse side. In a few words he explained the situation, his hopes and fears.

"All depends on the fate of the English girl," he added. "I cannot believe that her innocent blood will be shed. You must find out for me, as soon as possible, what is the king's decision."

"I will do so to-morrow," the Englishman replied. "Until then, at least, the mem-sahib is safe."

Early in the morning Govind Punt left the house, and it was the middle of the afternoon when he returned. His countenance showed that he was the bearer of good news.

"No search will be made for you here, sahib," he began, "for it is believed that you slipped out of Delhi last night by the nearest gate. The English soldiers have arrived in force, and are encamped on the ridge. The sound of their drums and bugles can be heard plainly, and their white tents are rising as the

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